

2. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who here glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims ; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

3. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace, children bury their parents ; in war, parents bury their children ; nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

4. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair ; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering ; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

5. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

6. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment ; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

7. In the last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their